

ANIMAL

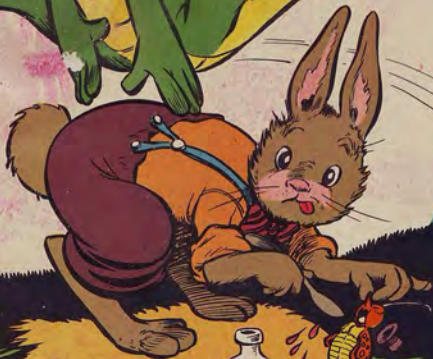
COMICS

10¢

No. 13

FEB. - MAR.

A DEL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DEL MAGAZINE



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



BUCKY HORSE

Bucky Horse found that if he lifted the pasture bars in his teeth and pulled, they would fall to the ground. He walked through the gap and found himself in the farmhouse yard.

It was wash day, and there were a lot of sheets hanging on the line. Bucky Horse nibbled at a clothespin. It came loose in his teeth. This was really fun! He pulled all the clothespins off one sheet and began on the next.

And then Billy Breeze took a hand!

A puff of wind whipped the loose sheet from the line, and **WRAPPED IT AROUND BUCKY'S HEAD**. Bucky snorted. He pawed the air, but the sheet stuck tight. Scared half to death, he started running.

Being blindfolded like that, he could not see that he was headed straight for the river. All at once there was nothing under his feet but air. He came up swimming desperately.

"MAMA!" he squealed in terror. "Where are you? Where am I?"

Molly Mare's loud whinny answered him. Down the river bank she plunged, and shoulder-deep into the stream. Quickly she pushed Bucky to the bank where he could climb out himself.

It was a very wet and thoughtful baby horse that she led back through the pasture bars. And never, as long as he lived, did Bucky pull the clothespins from another washline.



UNCLE WIGGILY

WHAT A GRAND DAY FOR AN ADVENTURE...IF ONLY MY RHEUMATISM WEREN'T SO BOTHERSOME.



COPYRIGHT 1945 by HOWARD R. GARIG

DEAR ME! HERE COMES ROBERT RACCOON AND HIS FAMILY, WITH ALL THEIR FURNITURE. THEY MUST BE HOUSE-HUNTING.



HELLO UNCLE WIGGILY! DO YOU KNOW OF A HOUSE THAT'S FOR RENT?



THIS IS A BIG SURPRISE! WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR COZY HOME IN THE HOLLOW TREE?

WE WERE DRIVEN OUT BY A SAVAGE OLD OWL.



WE ATE ONE OF MY CHILDREN (SOB, SOB)! AND HE KEPT HOOTING THREATS AT US TILL I ALMOST WENT CRAZY.



DEAR ME, SUZ-DUD! YOU POOR THINGS, WE'LL CERTAINLY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT WICKED OWL.



BUT FIRST OF ALL WE MUST FIND A PLACE FOR YOU TO STOP OVERNIGHT.



MY WORD! I NEVER SAW THIS SIGN BEFORE...AN INN WOULD BE ALL RIGHT.







...ONE HAS TO ACT QUICKLY.



HO, HO, HO! THAT SHOULD GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CHEW ON!



AAAAAAH, GAAAAH!!



HA, HA!

HO, HO!

HEE, HEE! LOOKIT 'IM GO!



WELL, THERE GOES YOUR OVERNIGHT LODGING, FOLKS... WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK FARTHER.



THERE'S MRS. GROUNDHOG'S BOARDING HOUSE!



SHE'S A GOOD OLD SOUL. I HOPE SHE HAS ROOM FOR YOU.



GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. GROUNDHOG! COULD YOU POSSIBLY PUT UP THESE FRIENDS OF MINE OVERNIGHT?

INDEED I COULD!



MY HOUSE IS ALWAYS OPEN TO FRIENDS OF UNCLE WIGGILY.

SO KIND OF YOU TO TAKE US IN, MRS. GROUNDHOG.



AND NOW, ROBERT RACCOON, I'LL ATTEND TO THAT BAD OWL, SO YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GO BACK TO YOUR OWN HOME TOMORROW.

HE MIGHT EAT YOU, UNCLE WIGGILY.



PISH TUSH, ROBERT! I SHALL FIND SOME WAY TO OUTWIT HIM.

YOUR RHEUMATISM IS BAD... I CAN'T LET YOU GO ALONE.



VERY WELL! I'LL GO IN THE BABY CARRIAGE AND YOU CAN PUSH ME.



AH, THIS IS COMFORT! WE'LL ARRIVE JUST ABOUT DARK.

THAT'S A BAD TIME TO MEET AN OWL!



CHEER UP, ROBERT!

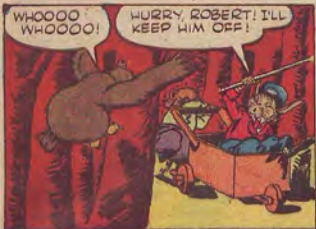


WHOOOO! WHOOD GOES THERE?



OOOH! HERE HE COMES, UNCLE WIGGILY!

DON'T STAND THERE SHAKING... PUSH ME TO THE HOUSE.



WHOOOO WHOOOO!

HURRY, ROBERT! I'LL KEEP HIM OFF!



TAKE THAT, YOU CANNIBAL!

URK!



WooooooOOOOOOOO!!!



QUICK, NOW, BEFORE HE GETS HIS WITS BACK!

WE'RE NEARLY HOME NOW.

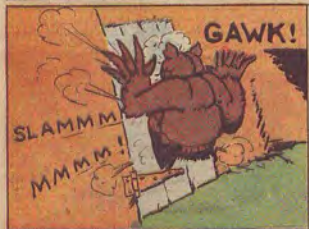


HE'S COMING NOW! (PUFF, PUFF!)

INSIDE! AND SLAM THE DOOR!



WE JUST MADE IT!



GAWK!

SLAMMM

MMMM!



YOO-HOO-HOOOO-WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU-OO!

D-DID Y-OU HEAR THAT, UNCLE WIGGILY? I'M SHAKIN' S-SO THAT I CAN'T LIGHT THIS CANDLE... YOU TRY IT!



POUFF! THERE! BEING SCARED WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! WE'LL HAVE TO BE CALM AND THINK!



HELP! I'M CAUGHT! OHO! SO YOU ARE!



LITTLE BUGS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP AWAY FROM CATCHY THINGS LIKE SPIDER WEBS.



I SAY! THAT GIVES ME A SPLENDID IDEA!



GO TO THE WINDOW, ROBERT, AND SEE IF THE BAD OWL IS STILL THERE.



OOO-HOOO...I SEE YOU-OOO!!!



YOU HEARD HIM... GAY! WHAT ARE YOU MAKING WITH THAT BALL OF STRING?

A SPIDER'S NET TO CATCH AN OWL!



BUT FIRST, WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM INTO IT... THIS PILLOW WILL DO!



MY COAT WILL MAKE IT MORE LIFELIKE.



DOES THAT LOOK LIKE ME, BOB?

WONDERFUL! IT IS YOU, UNCLE WIGGILY!



NOW, I'D LIKE SOME STRONG GLUE, IF YOU HAVE SOME, ROBERT.



I'LL MAKE THIS NICE AND STICKY.

I SEE... THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT BY OUTWITTING HIM.



I WONDER HOW STICKY IT REALLY IS.



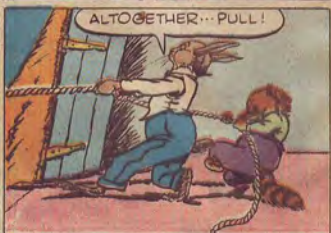
UNCLE WIGGILY, PULL ME LOOSE.



WON'T YOU EVER LEARN TO LEAVE STICKY THINGS ALONE, BUGGSY?

NO! I JUST LOVE TO TOUCH 'EM.





FIRST WE'LL CUT OFF THE SHARP ENDS OF HIS CLAWS...

THEN HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH ANY OF MY CHILDREN AGAIN.



AND NEXT WE'LL CLIP OFF THE TIPS OF HIS WING FEATHERS, SO HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FLY AT PEOPLE AND SCARE THEM.



NOW, MR. SAVAGE OWL, YOU CAN GO HOME AND HOOT TILL YOUR THROAT'S SORE.

AND I HOPE YOU GET A STOMACH-ACHE.



SPEAKING OF STOMACH-ACHE, HAVE SOME OF MY SANDWICHES. I'M AS EMPTY AS A DRUM.



THE CUPBOARD'S NEARLY EMPTY, BUT I CAN MAKE SOME COCOA.



IT'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE... YOU GET THE TABLE, UNCLE WIGGILY.



THIS POT STIRS, TOO.



OH, DEAR ME SUZ-DUDI! YOU'RE INTO IT AGAIN!



LISTEN, BUGGSY!
ONE OF THESE
DAYS YOU'LL GET
STUCK AND THERE'LL
BE NOBODY TO PULL
YOU OUT.

NO, I WON'T!
I'M GOING TO
STICK CLOSE
TO YOU,
UNCLE
WIGGILY.

IT'S TOO LATE TO
GO HOME NOW.
UNCLE WIGGILY...
STAY HERE TONIGHT
AND KEEP ME
COMPANY.

THANK YOU,
ROBERT...
I WILL!

BEFORE I GO TO BED I'LL
SPONGE THE GLUE OFF MY CLOTHES
OR BUGGSY WILL STICK TO ME.



WELL, BUGGSY,
IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU
MEAN
IT.

I'LL STICK TO YOU LIKE
A POT O'GLUE!

NO THANK YOU,
ROBERT. JUST GIVE
MY REGARDS TO YOUR
FAMILY.

HECTOR

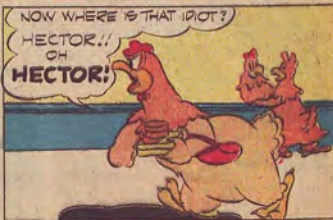
THE
HENPECKED
ROOSTER

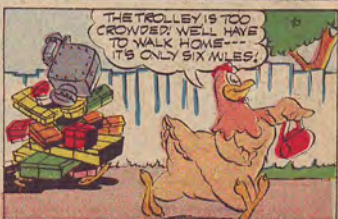
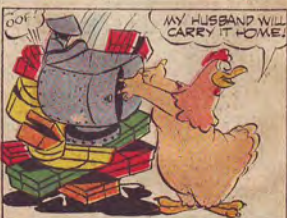
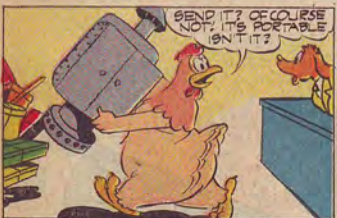
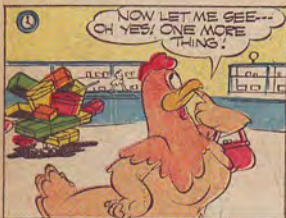
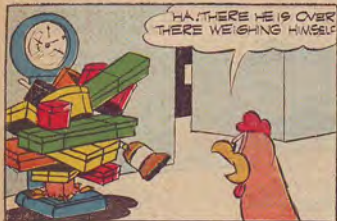
FAMOUS
STUDIOS
COPYRIGHT 1945 BY

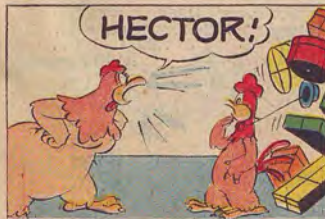
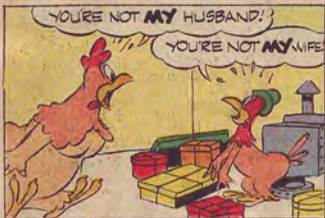
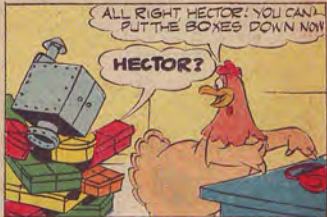
FAMOUS
STUDIOS
52 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

COME ALONG HECTOR!
I HAVE A FEW MORE THINGS
TO BUY!

GRUMBLE







PICK UP THOSE PACKAGES AND MARCH RIGHT HOME!

YES, DEAR!

NOW GO UP TO YOUR ROOM AND STAY THERE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!

WOTTA LIFE! WHY WAS I EVER HATCHED?

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, HECK?

MY WIFE! SHE BEAT ME UP AGAIN!

BOY, THAT SHINER IS A HONEY!

SAY, I KNOW A WAY YOU CAN GET BACK AT HER!

HOW?

COMMIT SUICIDE!

THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA!
HEY! WAIT A MINNIT! I HAVE TO KILL MYSELF TO DO THAT!

THAT'S RIGHT!

NOTHING DOING!

JUST A SECOND--
MAYBE YOU WON'T
HAFTA **KILL YOUR-
SELF.**

HOW DO
YOU
MEAN?

WELL-- S'POSE
YOUR WIFE JUST
**THINKS YOU
KILLED YOURSELF!**

MMM--I SEE WHAT
YOU MEAN! IT
MIGHT BE WORTH
TRYING!

FIRST YOU GOT
TO WRITE A
NOTE!

THAT'LL DO, I THINK!

Dear Bertha:
I can't stand
it any longer.
When you read
this note, I will
be dead.
Your loving
husband,
Hector

NOW LEAVE THE NOTE ON THE
BED AND GO OUT AND HIDE SOME-
WHERE AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

WHERE'LL I GO?

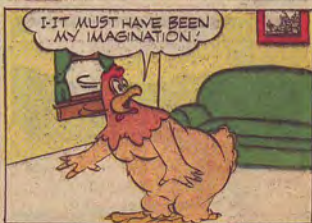
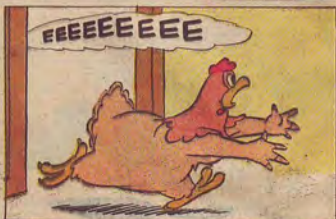
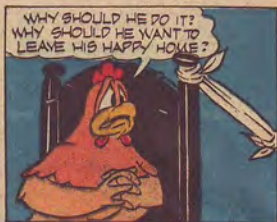
WHY DON'T YOU
GO FISHING?


OKAY

HECTOR! I HAVE SOME
WORK FOR YOU TO DO!


HECTOR! WH-
HE'S GONE! AND
HE'S LEFT A NOTE!

OH OH!
HERE SHE
COMES!






NO IT'S NOT YOUR
IMAGINATION! IT'S
THE GHOST OF HECTOR



THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED!



HELP! HELP
ME!




WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
MRS HENN?




MY HUSBAND COMMITTED
SUICIDE - AND NOW
HE'S
HAUNTING
ME!

YOU MEAN
HECTOR?




WHY I JUST SAW HIM
DOWN BY THE RIVER,
FISHING!



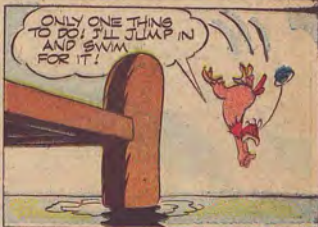
HE WAS FISHING, MAYBE,
BUT I'M SURE HE
JUMPED IN THE WATER!

COME ON!
WE'LL HAVE A
LOOK!

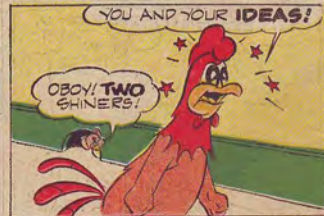
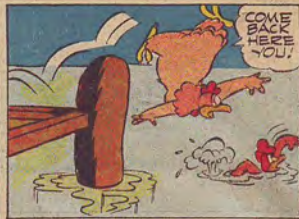


SEE! THERE HE IS!

IT'S BERTHA
AN' SHE'S AFTER
ME!



ONLY ONE THING
TO DO! I'LL JUMP IN
AND SWIM
FOR IT!

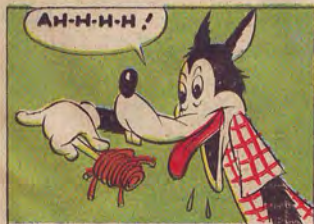


BLACKIE

I'LL LET IT COOK AN HOUR LONGER AN MESS! IT'LL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT!

COMICS BY
FABRUS
STUDIO
IN WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 1944-1948, N.Y.

(WITH PLENTY OF TOMATO SAUCE IT MAY EVEN TASTE LIKE SPAGHETTI!)

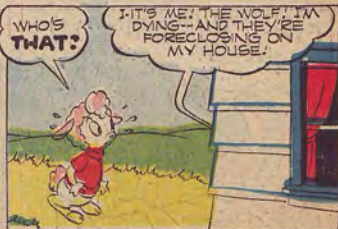
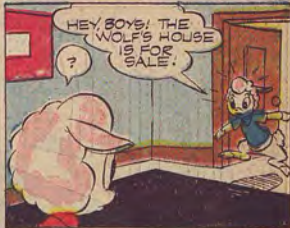




MEANWHILE,
LET'S
LOOK IN
ON THE
LITTLE
LAMBS!

GOSH! IT SURE
IS QUIET AROUND
HERE LATELY!

IT'S POSI-
TIVELY
BORING!



W-W-WHAT
ARE YA
DYIN'
OF?

STARV-
ER-
SMALL POX OR
SOMETHING!

HE SOUNDS
PRETTY
WEAK!

OOOH!

THE POOR
FELLER!

I'LL TAKE THIS HOT WATER
BOTTLE AWAY-- IT'S
SMOTHERING HIM!

NOW YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER!

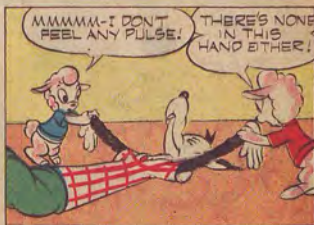
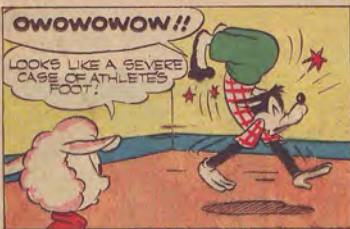
HAH-

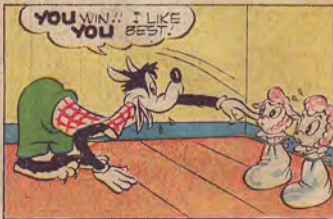
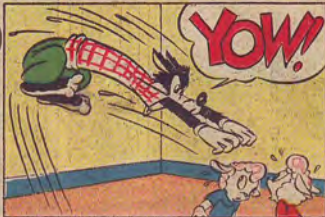
SLAP!

OW!
OW!
OW!
OW!
OW!
OW!

OH! SO
THAT'S
WHAT'S
WRONG!
SORE FEET
EH?

OW!
OW!





I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS MEASUREMENTS TO SEE IF HE FITS THE OVEN!



TUM DEE DEE TUM!

HE'S MORE DELICIOUS THAN I AM!

NO! HE IS!



BLACKIE RETURNS HOME!



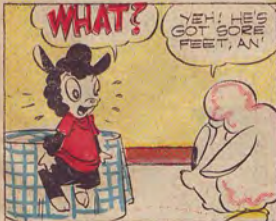
HELLO WHERE'S EVERYBODY?

WOOLY AN' WILLY ARE OVER AT THE WOLF'S HOUSE!

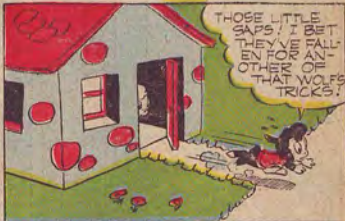


WHAT?

YEH! HE'S GOT SORE FEET, AN'



THOSE LITTLE SAPS! I BET THEY'VE FALLEN FOR ANOTHER OF THAT WOLF'S TRICKS!



I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

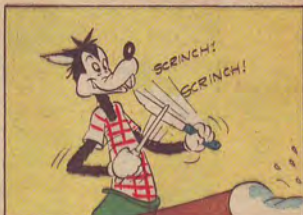


YEP! THEY DID IT AGAIN!

I'LL NEVER BE NICE TO A DEAD WOLF AGAIN!

ME EITHER!







Albert the Whaler



DISH YERE WAY
YOU KIN FEEL IF
WE IS GOT A BITE,
WIF YOU TOE-AN'
AH KIN FEEL IT WIF-
AH KIN FEEL IT TOO.



WHAT A
MAGNIFISINK
OPERATOONY!

US SWAMP
SKEETERS DON'T
GIT A CHANCE
AT ALBERT
VERY
OFTEN.

YAWP!

ZOWIE!



DASH WHAT AH DON'
LIKE 'BOUT POGO-
ALLUS JUMPIN' DOWN
SOMEBUDDY'S THROATS.

POGO! WHERE IS
YOU? MUST BE
US GOT A BITE!

BLESS ME, BUT DO' OL' POGO
DONE DID DO HISSELF IN BY
GITTIN' SWALLIED UP BY A
MONSTER!



DE THOUGHT BRING TEARS
TO MA EYES AN' A LUNK
IN MA THROAT!



DAT
LUNK
IS
ME!

MA SAKES! A SHO-NUFF
TALKIN' LUNK!

OPEN UP YO' MOUTH,
ALBERT, AH IS POGO!
SEE ME WAVIN'
MA TAIL BONES?



WELL, COME OUTEN DERE
DEN! US ONLY GOT EIGHT
PAGES FO' TO GIT THROUGH
ABOUT TWELVE PAGES O'
ACTION—YOU IS WASTIN'
TIME!



DON'T SEE HIDE NOR
HAIR OF DAT FISH
WHUT GIV' US DE
BITE—MUS' TRULY
BE DE BIGGES' FISH
IN THE WORL'!



WHERE'S THE FISH?

OH, HULLO DERE,
UNCLE ANTLER!
US JES' HAD A
BITE BY A FISH
998 FEET LONG!



HOLY
MACKEREL!

COULDN'T OF
BEEN A MACKEREL!
DISH YERE MUS'
OF BEEN A BIG
BASS.

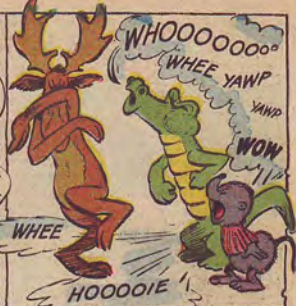




I KNOW HOW TO CATCH HIM! EITHER OF YOU BOYS KNOW ANYTHIN' 'BOUT WHALIN'?

DE MAN AXE A QUESTION, POGO

LISSEN AT US, ANTLER...



WHOOOOOOOOO
WHEE YAWP
YAWP
WOW

WHEE

HOOOOIE



WHAT IN TUNKET IS THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO?

US WAS SHOWIN' YOU SOME FUST CLASS WAILIN'

WE IS EXPERTS



HUMPH! YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A WHALE IF YOU SAW ONE!

A WAILIN' OUTFIT?

I'M GOING TO GIT A WHALIN' OUTFIT AN' MAKE SOME MONEY.

AN' HE GONE MAKE MONEY.



I'LL SELL TEN TONS OF BLUBBER AN' BE A MILLIONAIRE!

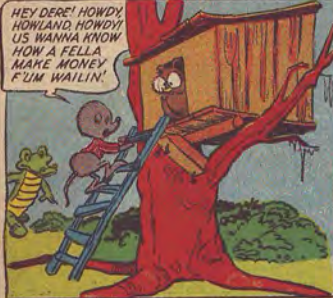
DERE'S A INGRATE! HE GONE BE A MILLYUMAIRE AN' HE WON'T CUT US IN!



COME ON! US WILL GO SEE HOWLAND OWL...HE'LL KNOW HOW WE GO 'BOUT MAKIN' MONEY OUT OF WAILIN'...

US'LL BEAT HIM!
US'LL OUT-WAIL AN' OUT-BLUBBER HIM!

HEY DERE! HOWDY,
HOWLAND, HOWDY!
US WANNA KNOW
HOW A FELLA
MAKE MONEY
F'UM WAILIN'!



FUST OFF YOU
NEEDS A WHALE
BOAT, AN' A
HARPOON, AN' A
POT FO' BOILIN'
UP DE BLUBBER.
ALSO, YOU IS
GOT TO KETCH
DE WHALE.



WHUT DOES YOU SELL?

YO SELLS DE
BLUBBER BOILED
DOWN TO DE OIL,
AN' YOU SELLS
DE WHALEBONE.



MAN, IT'S EXCITIN'! DE
HARPOON BOY TH'OWS DE
HARPOON—AN' HE HITS
DE WHALE! DE BOAT
'ROCK AROUND—
MAN, MAN!



DEN DEY RUSH
AROUND CUTTIN'
UP DE WHALE AN'
GITTIN' BUCKETS
OF BLUBBER—



WELL, OF
COURSE
YOU KNOWS,
NOW!

SHOLY!

NOW WE IS GOT ALL
THE THINGS WE
NEEDS.

WE GONE
WAILIN'!



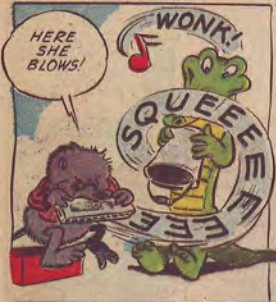
SEEM LIKE A LOT OF
TROUBLE JES' FO'
TO KETCH A WAIL.

AH DIN'T HAVE A HARPOON
SO AH BRUNG MAH MOUF
HARP—OUGHT TO BE
ABLE TO HIT A GOOD
WAIL WIF DAT!



NOW WHEN AH HITS A WAIL
WIF DE MOUF HARP YOU
CLAPS DE PAIL OVER IT.





HERE SHE BLOWS!

WONK!
SQUEEE



GOT HIM!



YOU GOT NOTHIN' BUT ME! DE WAIL ESCAPED!
IT WAS A AWFUL HORRID ONE.



WAL, A WAIL IS UNDIVISIBLE ANYWAYS—CAIN'T SEE 'EM FO' SHECKINS!

START PEELIN' ONIONS, SO'S WE KIN DO BETTER ON DE BLUBBERIN.



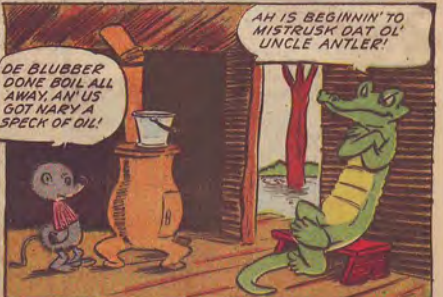
SNIFF, SNIFF—IS DESE HERE—GULP—BOO—HOO—ONIONS BERMOODYS OR SPANISH? WULP—GULP—

AH—GULP—THINKS—WOOP—HEY, YOU BLUBBER INTO DE BUCKET! DON'T WASTE YO' TEARS, ALBERT—SNIFF—BOO—HOO!



HOW MUCH BLUBBER WE GIT?

YOU DIDN'T HAVE YOU EYE ON DE BUCKET! WAL, LET'S BOIL HER DOWN, ANYWAYS.

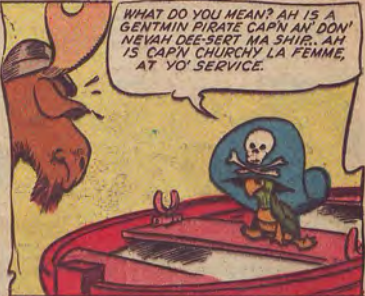


DE BLUBBER DONE BOIL ALL AWAY, AN' US GOT NARY A SPECK OF OIL!

AH IS BEGINNIN' TO MISTRUSK DAT OL' UNCLE ANTLER!



SHECKS! HERE I AM, ALL SET FOR WHALIN' AN' THE CAPN' AN' THE BOAT I HIRED ISN'T ANYWHERE AROUND!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? AH IS A GENTMIN PIRATE CAPN AN' DON' NEVAH DEE-SERT MA SHIR.. AH IS CAPN CHURCHY LA FEMME, AT YO' SERVICE.



IS WHALIN' ANYTHIN' LIKE PIRATIN'?

WHALIN' IS MORE REFINED



DON'T GIT SO UPPITY OR AH'LL KEEL-HAUL YOU-HORNS AN' ALL!



AH GOT A MIND TO PUT YO'IN ARNS FO MUNITY!

YOU MEAN MUTINY.



YO' ADMITS IT! YO' DAWG! PUT UP YO' HANDS!



LOOKY DERE, ALBERT, SOMEBODY HOLDIN' UP OL' UNCLE ANTLER!

SERVE HIM RIGHT!

QUICK, ALBERT, JUMP
OVAHBOD AN' SWIM UP
BEHINE DE HOLD-UP
MAN—WE GOTTA RESCUE
OL' ALBERT!

AH WILL PUSH DE
RAFT OVER THERE
AN' ATTACK FUM
DE FLANK.

OL' ANTLER
DONE HUMBUG
US 'BOUT WAILIN'!
AH IS BEIN'
AWFUL BIG-
HEARTED
TO SAVE
HIM.

YOU IS AT DE
MERCY OF
CHURCHY LA
FEMME, DE
SCOURGE OF
DE HIGH
SEAS!



LOOK! A
WHALE!

BLOW ME DOWN!
SO IT BE!

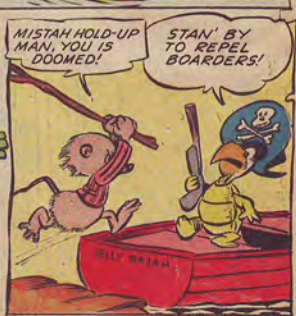
WHALE!
I GOT YE
KIVERED!



AH SOORENDAH!
AH SOORENDAH!

MISTAH HOLD-UP
MAN, YOU IS
DOOMED!

STAN' BY
TO REPEL
BOARDERS!





RIGHT OUTEN DE PARK-DE TIGAHS LOOKIN' FO' ME FO' 1945!

I DINT KNOW THET BOY COULD FLY!

MEBBE HE A TURKLEDOVE.



DAT'S DE WAY WIF FOLKS-YO' CAINT DEPEND ON 'EM! DAT LI'L POSSUM LOOK HARMLESS AS A BUTTERFLY!



NOW WE IS ALL FRIENDS AGAIN-HOW 'BOUT US HAVIN' A FRIED CATFISH SUPPAH IN MA HONOR? ON ACCOUNT AH RESCUED YOU, ANTLER.

RESCUED ME FROM WHAT? I HEV TO ROW BACK, I NOTICE!

WHUT'S WRONG WIF DAT? THINK YOU IS ROYALTY?



SHO!-MOUGHT THINK YOU WAS DE PRINCE OF WALES, OR SUMFIN'--!



FO'GIVE ME-AH DINT MEAN IT-

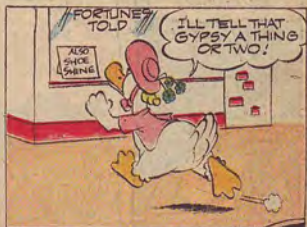
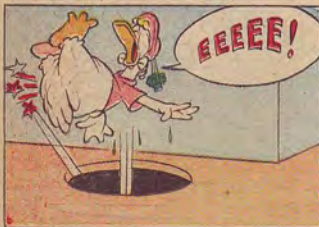
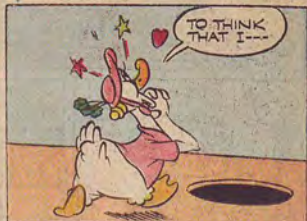
YOU DID IT-YOU MENTION 'WAILS AGAIN! ROW FASTER, ANTLER, AH'LL HARPOON DE CRITTER!

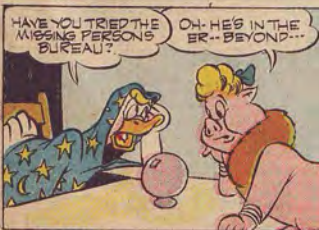
CILLY GOOSE

COMIC STRIPS BY
FAMOUS
Studios
20 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

--AND YOU WILL FALL
INTO THE ARMS OF A
TALL DARK MAN!

OH, HOW
PERFECTLY
THRILLING!





OLD-TIMER



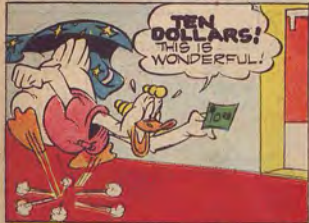
OH, THANKS!
THANKS **SO** MUCH!
HERE'S TEN DOLLARS!



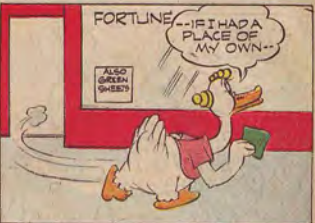
GOODBYE!



TEN DOLLARS!
THIS IS WONDERFUL!



FORTUNE --IF I HAD A PLACE OF MY OWN--



WITH **MY** GIFT
I'D MAKE A
FORTUNE!



MADAM
CILLY GOOSE
PONT WRITE--
COMMUNICATE!

THERE! I'M
READY FOR
BUSINESS!



OFFICES IN
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
BEYOND

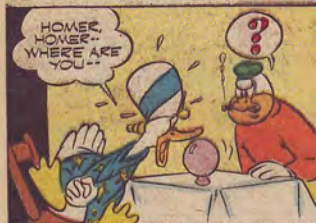
I HOPE I'LL BE ABLE
TO HANDLE THE
RUSH!

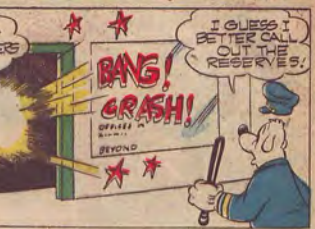
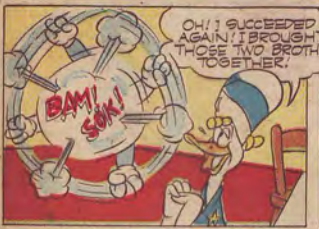


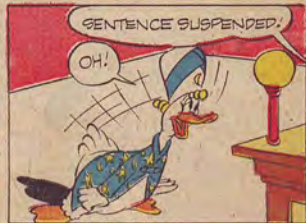
AH! MY FIRST
CUSTOMER!

HULLO!









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1938, and March 3, 1933, of Animal Comics published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., and Philadelphia, N. Y., for October 1, 1941. Name of New York County of New York, as follows: a, a unitary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Animal Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), and of the financial condition for the six months in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1938, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 375, Field Laws and Regulations, printed in the second of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 125 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 125 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Name, Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 125 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
2. That the name of the Publishing Company Inc., 125 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 125 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margotta Delacorte, 125 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.
4. That the two paragraphs set above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the full stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation by whom such trustee is acting; and that she said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all bondholders, mortgagees and holders of all the commitments and conditions upon which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other persons, partnerships or corporations has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities that as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Witness to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1941
JEANETTE SMITH

(Filed)
(My Commission Expires March 31, 1942)

Johnny Gruelle's RAGGEDY ANIMALS

HEY, LB, NOT SO FAST! IT'S A HOT DAY, IF YOU DON'T KNOW IT!

THE FASTER YOU GO THE COOLER THE BREEZE, EDDIE!

YOU WANT TO LEARN TO ROLLERSKATE LIKE THIS!

Copyright 1945 by JOHNNY GRUELLE CO.

PUFF, PUFF! I'M NOT BUILT FOR SPEED, AND THAT'S THAT—NO MATTER WHAT LITTLE BROWN BEAR SAYS

I'LL HAVE TO REST MY FEET BEFORE I GO ON.

HEY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN—DROPPING THOSE SKATES ON MY HEAD, EDDIE ELEPHANT?

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, QUACKY DOODLES! WERE YOU TAKING A NAP INSIDE THAT STUMP?

A NAP? I SHOULD SAY NOT! I'M HATCHING EGGS.

YOU—YOU MEAN YOU'RE HATCHING OUT SOME LITTLE WOODEN DUCKLINGS?

THEY'LL BE BREAKING OUT OF THEIR LITTLE SHELLS ANY TIME NOW.

OH BOY, OH BOY! CAN I STAY AND WATCH?

YOU CAN SIT ON THE STUMP AND KEEP THE EGGS WARM WHILE I GO TO THE STORE FOR SOME GROCERIES.

THAT'S SWELL, QUACKY DOODLES!



WHATEVER HAPPENS, YEH-DON'T GET OFF THE STUMP... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



BUT WHAT IF THEY SHOULD HATCH WHILE QUACKY DOODLES IS GONE?



HI, EDDIE—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO ROLLERSKATE.

I DID— BUT I DON'T



SAY! YOU'RE SITTING KIND OF FUNNY ON THAT STUMP... WHAT'S THE MATTER?



ARE YOU HIDING SOMETHING— OR DID YOU JUST RIP YOUR PANTS?

NO!



PEEP, PEEP!



WHAT WAS THAT I HEARD?

PIP, PIP, PEEP!





YEEP?

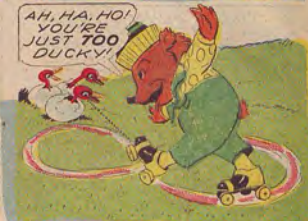


YEE-OW!
IT BIT ME!

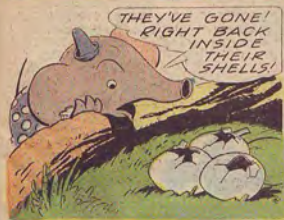


PEEP?
QUACK,
QUACK!

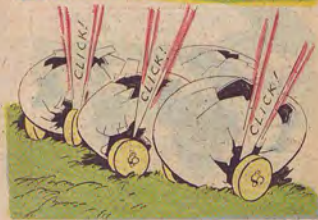
LITTLE WOODEN
DUCKS—HA, HA, HA!
I'D BITE YOU, TOO,
IF YOU SAT ON ME,
EDDIE!
HEE, HEE,
HEE!



AH, HA, HO!
YOU'RE
JUST TOO
DUCKY!



THEY'VE GONE!
RIGHT BACK
INSIDE
THEIR
SHELLS!



CLICK!

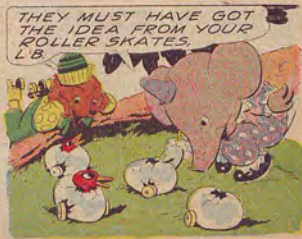
CLICK!

CLICK!



LOOK, LB—
THEY'VE
GROWN
WHEELS!

HUH?
WHEELS?
HOW
COME?



THEY MUST HAVE GOT
THE IDEA FROM YOUR
ROLLER SKATES,
LB.





OH-OH!
TURN
QUICK
LB!

PEEP-
PEEP-
PEEP!



NOW
WE'VE
GOT
EM!



YEE-EEP!

LOOK
OUT,
EDDIE...



I TOLD
YOU
SO!



QUACK-
QUACK-
QUACK!

LAUGHING FOODEY!
AT ME, HUH?
AFTER ALL
I'VE DONE
FOR YOU!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF BEING NURSE
TO A BUNCH OF
LITTLE
QUACKS!

BUT
WHAT
WILL
QUACKY
DOODLES
SAY?



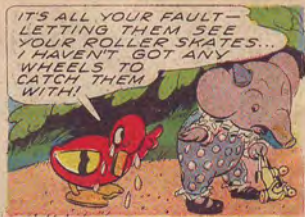
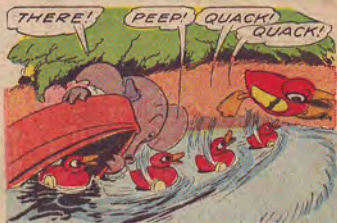
PSSSSST-
PSSSSST-
PSSSSST...

OKAY!

QUACK?
QUACK?



YEE!
PEEP!





A FRIEND IN NEED

The screen door slammed behind Philip and his big Air-dale, Tuck. Patsy, the kitten, was left shut in the sun porch. She jumped to the window sill to watch her friends start down the street.

"Oh, well," she thought. "I guess I can find SOMETHING to play with."

There was a china box full of matches on the edge of the table. Patsy batted it with a quick, padded paw. The match box danced.

Over it went, with all the matches spilling. As it hit the floor there was a quick spurt of flame.

Sputt! sputt! SPUTT!

One after another the spilled matches went off. A tall flame leaped up. It caught one of the long window curtains and climbed swiftly to the top. The whole porch filled with smoke.

"Help!" wailed Patsy, backing to the far end. "Meow, meow, MEOW!"

The fire ran up another curtain. The smoke got thicker.

Suddenly there came a patter of strong doggy feet. They clawed through the screen door, raced across the porch. Tuck's jaws gripped the loose skin of Patsy's neck—very gently.

Patsy felt one hot breath of flame as they dashed back to the door. Then they were out. Out in the pure, free, open air!

There was a big commotion back at the house, where Philip and his mother were putting out the fire. But Patsy did not care. Playfully she batted Tuck's nose, and Tuck pretended to eat her alive, then and there.

It was a great game!



elephunnies

